ODE

TO

Mr. PINCHBECK,

UPON HIS NEWLY INVENTED

PATENT CANDLE-SNUFFERS,

By MALCOLM M'GREGGOR, Esq;

Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS, and the Heroic Postscript.

Quousque ergo frustrà pascemus ignigenum istum? Apuleii Met. Lib. 7.
Why should a Patent be granted to this Candle-Snuffer in vain?

THE FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXXVI.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

EVER ſince my firſt Publication, the Curioſity, not to ſay Anxiety, of the World concerning my Name, has been ſo great, that it has frequently given me Pain to conceal what the World will now ſee it was not poſſibly in my Power to diſcover.

In ſhort, I had no Name, till the Royal Favour lately reſtored my very antient and honourable Clan to its priſtine Title and Honours. I was therefore in the ſame deplorable Caſe with a certain nameleſs Lady, whom I have long had the Honour to call my Neighbour, and who, I ſincerely hope, will ſoon, by the ſame Favour, be reſtored to that Title, which, upon my Honour, I believe, ſhe has erroneouſly, and not intentionally forfeited.

I have only to add, that now, when the Public is in poſſeſſion of my real Name, it will not, I hope, ſuffer any national Prejudice to prevent it from receiving

this my first Lyrical Attempt with its former Candour. But I must needs say, that if this Ode does not sell as well as Mr. Cumberland's, I shall be apt to impute it, not to any inferiority of Lyrical Ordonance, but merely to its having been written by a Scotchman.

Knightsbridge, May 6, 1776.

ODE

TO

Mr. PINCHBECK.

I.

ILLUSTRIOUS PINCHBECK! condescend,
Thou well-belov'd, and best King's-Friend,
These Lyric Lines to view;
O! may they prompt thee, e'er too late,
To snuff the Candle of the State,
That burns a little blue.

II.

It once had got a ſtately Wick,
When in its Patent Candleſtick
The Revolution put it;
As white as Wax we ſaw it ſhine
Thro' two whole Lengths of BRUNSWICK's Line,
'Till B--- firſt dar'd to ſmut it.

III.

Since then----but wherefore tell the Tale?
Enough, that now it burneth pale,
And ſorely waſtes its Tallow:
Nay, if thy Poet rightly weens,
(Though little ſkill'd in Ways and Means)
Its Save-all is but ſhallow.

IV.

Come then, ingenious Artiſt, come,
And put thy Finger, and thy Thumb,
Into each poliſh'd Handle;
On thee alone our Hopes depend,
Thy King's, and eke thy Country's Friend,
To trim Old England's Candle.

V.

But firſt we pray, for its Relief,
Pluck from its Wick, each Tory Thief,
It elſe muſt quickly rue it;
* While N---- and M---- ſputter there,
Thou'lt ne'er prevent with all thy Care,
The melting of the Suet.

VI.

There's TWITCHER too, that old He-witch,
Sticks in its Bole as black as Pitch,
† And makes a filthy pother;
When curſt with ſuch a ſorry Fiend,
And lighted too at either End,
'Twill ſoon be in a ſmother.

---

* Theſe Initials, like thoſe in the Banns of Marriage publiſhed between N. and M. may be filled up at the Reader's Pleaſure.

Vide Common Prayer Book.

† Our ingenious Inventor's Snuffers are peculiarly calculated to remedy this evil, to which indeed all Candles are more or leſs ſubject.

See the Patentee's Advertiſement.

I fear

VII.

I fear me much in ſuch a plight,
Thoſe Tapers bleſt would loſe their Light,
Canadian Fanes that deck;
Which pious --*--- George ordains to blaze,
And gild with their eſtabliſh'd Rays,
Our Lady of Quebec.

VIII.

‡ His Arms, thou hallowed Image! bleſs,
And ſurely thou canſt do no leſs,
He is thy Faith's Defender;
Thou oweſt thy Place to him alone,
As other Jacobites have done,
And not to the Pretender.

---

‡ It is humbly preſumed, that the claſſical Reader will here perceive a boldneſs of Tranſition only to be equalled by PINDAR, and perhaps by HORACE in ſome of his ſublimer Odes.

Haſte

IX.

Haſte then, and quaſh the hot Turmoil,
That flames in Boſton's angry Soil,
And frights the Mother-Nation:
Know, Lady! if its Rage you ſtop,
PINCHBECK ſhall ſend you, from his Shop,
A moſt ſuperb Oblation.

X.

His Patent-ſnuffers, in a Diſh
Of burniſh'd Gold; if more you wiſh,
His Cyclops ſhall beſtir
Their brawny Stumps, and for thy ſake,
Of PINCHBECK's own Mixt-metal make
A huge Extinguiſher.

XI.

To form the Maſs Germaine -------, thy Zeal
Shall furniſh that well-temper'd Steel,
Thou didſt at Minden brandiſh;
Nor yet ſhall G--'s reverend Dean,
Counting its Worth, refuſe, I ween,
His ponderous leaden Standiſh.

XII.

Poor Doctor JOHNSON, I'm afraid,
Can give but metaphoric Aid;
His Style's caſe-harden'd Graces:
Mᶜ PHERSON, without Shame, or Fear,
Sir JOHN DALRYMPLE, and SHEBBEARE
Shall melt their brazen Faces.

XIII.

And ſure, this mixt metallic Stuff,
Will yield Materials large enough
To mold the mighty Cone;
But how tranſport it, when 'tis caſt
Acroſs the deep Atlantic Vaſt,
'Twill weigh ſome thouſand Stone?

XIV.

"Leave that to me" our Lady cries,
"Howe'er gigantic be its Size,
"I have a Scheme in petto;
"I'll fly with it from Shore to Shore,
"Safe as my ſooty Sifter bore,
"Her Cottage to Loretto.

XV.

" Swift to the Congreſs with my Freight
" I'll ſpeed, and on their Heads its Weight
" Souſe with ſuch Skill and Care;
" That PUT'NAM, WASHINGTON beneath,
" And gaſping LEE ſhall wiſh to breathe
" § A Pint of PRIESTLEY's Air.

XVI.

" The Deed is done, thy Foes are dead,
" No longer England, ſhalt thou dread
" Such Preſbyterean Huffers;
" Thy Candle's Radiance ne'er ſhall fade,
" With now and then a little Aid,
" From PINCHBECK's Patent-ſnuffers."

---

§ This great Philoſopher has lately diſcovered a Method of fabricating a new Species of Air, of ſo infinitely ſuperior ſalubrity and duration to that vulgar atmoſpherical Air, which for want of better we have been obliged to breathe for upwards of five thouſand Years, that it is to be ſuppoſed that no Macaroni, Savoir Vivre, or in plain Engliſh, no body that knows what's what, will in future condeſcend to reſpire any Air, that is not ſealed with the Doctor's own Arms, and ſigned with his own Hand-writing. It is to be feared, however, that his Pneumatic Vials will be liable to be counterfeited, as our Philoſopher has not Intereſt enough at Court to procure a Patent. Indeed were ſuch a Patent granted, it might ſuperſede Mr. PINCHBECK's; becauſe that in this Air a Candle is found to burn with ſo bright and continued a Flame, that it could never want ſnuffing.

See Vol. II. of Dr. Prieſtley's Experiments on Air.

FINIS.

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